Teen And Up Audiences

No Archive Warnings Apply

M/M

The Hobbit - All Media Types
The Hobbit - J. R. R. Tolkien
The Hobbit (Jackson Movies)

Bilbo Baggins/Thorin Oakenshield

Thorin Oakenshield
Bilbo Baggins

Humor
Hurt/Comfort
Angst and Humor
I don't even know anymore
One Shot
Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence
Alternate Universe - Everyone Lives/Nobody Dies
inspired by tumblr and its wonderful art
tumblr is seriously dangerous and horrendously addictive
English ← Previous Work Part 2 of The Inevitable Universe

Older But Not Necessarily Wiser

Bgtea

Summary:

Bilbo and Thorin deal with the aftermath of an Orc ambush. A oneshot that takes place in the Inevitable universe.

Inspired by kaciart's lovely drawing of angsty Thilbo kissing.

[Edit - Link to the art fixed! Please let me know if you have any other problems accessing it. Thank you!]

Notes:

So I found this beautiful art (https://kaciart.tumblr.com/post/55754253997) by kaciart and I was inspired to write a quick oneshot for it. This is the result.

(I highly recommend for everyone reading this to visit the link first. It's simply an amazing drawing! :D)

Unedited so all mistakes are mine. Apologies in advance!

(See the end of the work for more notes (#work_endnotes).)

"You are an idiot," Bilbo choked out as Thorin slowly limped towards him. It did not escape Bilbo that Thorin was visibly favouring his left foot nor that the Dwarf's hand, the one that was not holding Orcrist in a death grip, was pressed tightly against his side. "A downright, reckless, fool of an idiot."

"Are you alright, did they hurt you?" Thorin called out curtly instead, brushing aside Bilbo's panicked comments with ease. A year ago, Bilbo would have been hurt by the Dwarf's cold dismissal, but he would have not seen the other signs – *how Thorin had rushed over to him before the last Orc's body had finished falling to the ground, how Thorin had looked*

like he wanted to run back to Bilbo's side but the urge to do so was barely held in check by his injury and his dignity – signs that gave away just how much the Dwarf had worried.

It was armed with his experience on all things Thorin that kept Bilbo standing still as Thorin's eyes rove frantically over his form, mentally documenting every bruise and cut that had littered the Hobbit's body.

"Your arm is hurt," Thorin's brows were furrowed deeply in displeasure. His eyes had zeroes in on a particularly deep cut in Bilbo's arm that was made all the more visible from the missing sleeve of his jacket. "You need to be more careful next time."

Oh, the hypocrisy of that statement.

"*I* should be more careful?" Bilbo spluttered incredulously. He had just witnessed that foolhardy Dwarf jump into a fray of twenty Orcs in his valiant attempt to distract them away from Bilbo and he had the *audacity* to tell Bilbo off? "I wasn't the one who threw myself into a group of mercenaries with no back-up while wearing no armour and – you're *bleeding*!"

"I am fine," Thorin sniffed dismissively, but Bilbo could see how he was beginning to sway a little from his spot. Eru save him from the stubbornness of Dwarves. "It is only a flesh wound. I have lived through much worse."

The vision of Thorin pale and lifeless-looking save for the bright flecks of blood on his body came to Bilbo in such an unexpected rush that it knocked his breath from his body. The Dwarf had been lying deathly still in bed with most of his body swathed in bandages that did nothing to stem the bleeding from his numerous wounds. The overworked healers were frantically doing everything to save the King's life but there was only so much they could do with their limited supplies and in a shabby healing tent no less, let alone treating an injury as serious as a stab wound through the torso.

"I am sorry, Master Baggins," the head healer had whispered sadly to Bilbo, who had stubbornly refused to get up from his seat beside the Dwarven King for the past three days, "there is nothing left that we could do. Whether he recovers will be entirely dependent on the grace of Mahal." With a last comforting pat against the Hobbit's shoulder, the healer left Bilbo alone to the raspy sound of Thorin's breathing in cadence with the low songs of mourning from outside of the tent.

For the first time since his parents' death, Bilbo Baggins found himself praying as he grasped on to Thorin's limp, calloused hands: *"Please Eru, please let him live."*

Bilbo closed his eyes and exhaled shakily. Thorin was right to say that he had lived through much worse, but that did not make it alright. Not by a long shot.

"Bilbo."

The Hobbit snapped his eyes open at Thorin's soft call, his attention jolting brusquely back to the present.

Thorin frowned deeper and he shuffled closer. "Bilbo," he said again, sounding so contrite and sad and *worried* that it made Bilbo's heart hurt, "I apologize for scaring you. I only wished to keep you safe but I seemed to have failed even in that."

And Bilbo felt something inside him crumble.

With a choked sob, he closed the remaining distance between himself and Thorin to pull the Dwarf in for a slow, tender kiss. Bilbo's eyes fluttered close at the soft press of his lips against Thorin's, shivering slightly as he savoured the solid warmth of his body and the puffs of heated breath that brushed against his jaw. Ever so gently, he reached up to cradle the Dwarf's face in both of his hands, his thumbs stroking lightly against the smooth patch of skin above his beard, and he moaned when he felt Thorin's tongue sweep boldly over his lips to coax his mouth open.

Distantly, he thought he heard a clanking sound of metal hitting the ground as the kiss deepen to become more urgent, more needy, but he had immediately dismissed this from his mind, drowning as he was in Thorin's scent, Thorin's taste and Thorin's presence.

The involuntary hiss of pain was enough to drag him away from his haze of pleasure. Cursing at himself because Thorn was *injured* for crying out loud, he quickly drew back just to hear Thorin's ragged exhale.

"Let me see where you are hurt," Bilbo said, his request gentled by the soft pleading tone in his voice. He winced in sympathy at the blooming patch of red that was revealed under Thorin's hand.

"It is nothing serious." Thorin grunted his thanks when Bilbo helped him sit on a nearby rock beside his discarded sword. "A day of rest is all that I will need at most."

Bilbo shook his head in frustration. "It is *not* nothing," he said heatedly. He had to make Thorin understand that. "You getting injured is always a cause for me to worry, especially if you are putting yourself in harm's way to protect me."

Bilbo sat down gingerly across from Thorin before tearing the bottom of his tunic into makeshift bandages. He ignored his shaking hands. "I don't want to be safe, not if it comes at your expense," he muttered tightly.

"You don't get to do this to me." *Bilbo did not lessen his tight hold on Thorin's hand from his post by his bedside. His fingers were pressed against the inside of the Dwarf's pale wrist, drawing comfort from the weak, fluttering pulse.* "Not now and not ever again."

Bilbo mechanically cleaned the bleeding, jagged, but thankfully shallow, cut on Thorin's side before wrapping it professionally. Even with his nerves and his trembling fingers, his motions were fluid and practiced as he tied the tails of the bandages into a nonslip knot. "I can't," his voice broke and he cleared his throat, "I can't sit by and do nothing but *watch*."

Thorin laid a calming hand over Bilbo's to still his motion. "I cannot promise to stop protecting you, Bilbo," he murmured, "but I will try to be more careful." He brought one of Bilbo's hand up and pressed a light kiss against his knuckles.

But Bilbo was not so easily pleased; he fully recognized the kiss as one of Thorin's tactics to placate him. Pulling his hand away, he crossed his arms over his chest to showcase just how *unimpressed* he was. "We work together. No more playing the martyr." He levelled the Dwarf with a stern glare.

"I will try," Thorin pressed back just as stubbornly, his lips curling into a slight smile at the Hobbit's tenacity, "but I reserve the right to send you to safety."

"Only as a last resort and I reserve the right to disagree," Bilbo countered.

Thorin huffed and muttered miserably under his breath, "Save me from the stubbornness of Hobbits." Bilbo pretended not to hear and glibly raised a brow instead.

"Fine! I will only send you away as a last resort and if you agree to it," Thorin shook his head and scowled. "But if you try to sneak your way back to my side, I will order a guard to carry you away from danger in a burlap sack."

And Bilbo supposed that that was the most that he could get out of Thorin for now.

"Good," he agreed with a nod. He mentally made a note to start carrying his ring around in the event that he needed to escape from his fate in the burlap sack.

"I cannot even begin to come up with an excuse to explain this to your sister, Thorin. What will we tell her?"
"Tell her that we were ambushed."
"Without your armour?"
"We were having a picnic by the riverside."
"What happened to the food and the basket then?"
"Washed away by the river. One of the Orcs knocked it into the water. It was most unfortunate."
"Huh. She might actually buy into this if we both could keep a straight face."
"…"
"…I hope this experience does not mean that you will be dissuaded from swimming naked with me in the future."
"Oh, for the love of – just keep walking, Thorin!"

Notes:

Hello everyone! I wanted to post this as a special thank you to everyone who have been so patient with me and I hope you all enjoyed this little piece of silliness while waiting for the next chapter of Inevitable! As always, please let me know what you think! I love receiving comments/questions and I always try to respond to all of them. :)

Thank you for reading!

Series this work belongs to:

- ← Previous Work (http://archiveofourown.org/works/700362) Part 2 of The Inevitable Universe (http://archiveofourown.org/series/52174)

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